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Garth Ennis Russ Braun Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

SIXTY-EIGHT

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In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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THE BLOODY DOORS OFF

part three

PARDON... *PARDON*...

JE SUIS DESOLE...

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, FRENCHIE, THIS IS SERIOUS--!

OF COURSE IT IS, MON CAPITAINE. YOU CALL AND WE COME RUNNING, WE ARE HERE TO SERVE.

M.M. CALLED YOU...!

I MEAN JESUS CHRIST, IT WAS A MISTAKE, ALL RIGHT? I'M SORRY, IT WAS BLOODY DAFT!

BUT THE THING WAS I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT IT, BUT *HE HADN'T*--AN' HE USED IT, HE STORED IT AWAY AN' HE BROUGHT IT UP WHEN IT'D DO THE MOST--

THE EIGHT HUNDRED POUND GORILLA'S WHAT THE FUCK BUTCHER'S DOIN'.

WHAT HE'S BEEN DOIN' ALL ALONG.

LISTEN.

HE SPLIT US UP. HE GAVE US TIME OFF AN' HE GOT YOU PISSED OFF AT ME, SO WE'D NO' BE IN THE WAY WHEN HE GOT STARTED.

I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU COMIN' BACK. HONESTLY.

BUT THE LEGEND'S DEAD. I HAD SEAN MCGUINEA SCREAMIN' DOWN THE PHONE AT ME AT SIX O'CLOCK THIS MORNIN'.

AN' VAS IS DEAD TOO, AN' IT'S STARTIN' TO LOOK PRETTY BLOODY CERTAIN BUTCHER DID THEM BOTH.

PETIT HUGHIE... AH...

COME ONCE MORE?

D'YOU REMEMBER THAT OTHER VERSION O' COMPOUND V, THE STUFF WE RAN INTO IN RUSSIA? BLOWS PEOPLE'S HEADS APART, IF YOU GET THE DETONATION FREQUENCY JUST RIGHT?

OUI...

I THINK BUTCHER'S GOT HOLD OF A LOAD OF IT.

AFTER WE WENT HOME, THE COPS FOUND ABOUT A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY DEAD SUPES--HEADLESS--IN ONE O' LITTLE NINA'S WAREHOUSES. THE ONE ME AN' HIM WENT TO.

VAS HEARD ABOUT IT AN' GOT SUSPICIOUS. PUT THE WORD OUT, BIG REWARD FOR INFORMATION. WHAT HE WASN'T EXPECTIN' WAS A FELLA CALLIN' HIM LAST YEAR, SAYIN' HE'D BEEN WORKIN' FOR AN ***ENGLISH GUY***--WHO BOUGHT WHAT WAS LEFT O' NINA'S STASH AN' STARTED REFININ' MORE.

THE FELLA DID THE WORK FOR HIM THERE IN MOSCOW. NICE AN' QUIET, NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

VAS WENT TO THIS GUY'S OFFICE, SAW THE PAPERWORK TO SEND THE STUFF TO FLORIDA. THE GUY SAID HIS ***EMPLOYER*** WAS ON HIS WAY OVER AGAIN TO FINISH UP AN' PAY THE LAST INSTALLMENT, AN' COULD HE HAVE THIS BIG REWARD NOW, PLEASE?

THE WAY VAS SAW IT, IF IT WAS BUTCHER, IT WAS PRETTY OBVIOUS WHAT THE LAST INSTALMENT WAS GONNA BE. SO STICKIN' WI' THAT PARTICULAR THOUGHT, HE CHECKED THE BOY'S PHONE.

BUGGED.

BEFORE WE PROCEED ANY FURTHER...HOW MUCH OF THIS ***MATERIEL*** IS IN EXISTENCE?

ONE HUNDRED AN' EIGHTEEN METRIC TONS.

Monkey
office
Decline
Answer
HANG ON, BOYS, I'VE BEEN WAITIN' ON THIS WEE PRICK...
SPEAK.
UM... HELLO?
THAT WAS HELLO, YOU DOSS BASTARD.
UM, RIGHT, UM...THAT THING YOU ASKED ABOUT THIS MORNING? YOU KNOW, WHAT IT WAS THAT BUTCHER ACTUALLY GAVE US?
WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO TALK TO RAYNER DIRECTLY, I DON'T WANT HER KNOWING I'M IN TOUCH WITH YOU. I MEAN SHE'S ***GONE,*** BUT TECHNICALLY I'M ONLY THE CARETAKER HERE, AND IF SHE FINDS OUT I'M NOT PLAYING BALL--
GET TO THE FUCKIN' POINT. QUICK.
"OKAY, I ASKED THE AIR FORCE, MADE IT SOUND LIKE THE NEW DIRECTOR FINDING HIS FEET. THEY SAID THEIR MAIN CONCERN--WHEN RAYNER CONTACTED NORAD ABOUT A POSSIBLE SUPERHERO INSURGENCY--WAS ENGAGING HUMAN-SIZED TARGETS CAPABLE OF FLIGHT.
"TOO SMALL. TOO MANEUVERABLE. BUT THE ANSWER SHOWED UP STRAIGHT AWAY."

"THEIR RADAR-GUIDED MISSILES WERE ADAPTED TO HOME IN ON THE NEURONS IN THE SUPES' BRAINS. SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE INCREASED RATE AT WHICH THEY FIRE, WITH THE BRAIN CHEMISTRY PECULIAR TO COMPOUND V.

"OBVIOUSLY THAT WAS WHAT SAVED THE DAY. WITHOUT SUCH SPECIALIZED TECH, WE'D NOW BE LIVING IN A VERY DIFFERENT AMERICA--AND RAYNER'S CAREER PROSPECTS ARE GOING TO REFLECT THAT.

"ONLY SENIOR COMMAND KNEW THE DETAILS, OF COURSE. AND SHE WASN'T SAYING WHERE SHE GOT THE INTEL. BUT..."

AYE.

WHY, UH, WHY'RE YOU ASKING, JUST AS A MATTER OF INTEREST?

SEE YOU, MONKEY.

UM... WHEN AM I GOING TO GET THE, THE INFORMATION YOU MENTIONED...?

HELLO?

NNNEEEEEEEHH...!

WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?

ONE THING AT A TIME.

RIGHT, WHERE WAS I...ONCE HE SAW THE BUGS IN THE PHONE AN' THE OFFICE, VAS KNEW WHOEVER THIS WAS KNEW THE BOY'D BEEN TALKIN' TO HIM. HE DIDN'T WANNA THINK ABOUT IT BEIN' BUTCHER, ABOUT WHAT THAT'D MEAN--BUT HE HAD TO CONSIDER IT.

HE PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD ONLINE, FOR ME TO FIND IF THE WORST CAME TO THE WORST. THEN HE TRIED TO GET THIS FELLA SOMEWHERE SAFE WHILE HE WORKED OUT WHAT TO DO, ON THE THEORY THAT HE MIGHT NEED SOME SORTA STATEMENT FOR THE POLIS.

ACCORDIN' TO THE RUSSIAN NEWS SITES, VASILI VORISHIKIN--FORMER SUPERHERO OF THE SOVIET UNION--AN' ORGANIZED CRIME ASSOCIATE STEPAN GUREVICH WERE FOUND DEAD TOGETHER THREE DAYS AGO.

HE MUST'VE BEEN RIGHT BEHIND THEM.

THERE IS...A CHANCE THAT THIS IS *NOT* M'SIEU CHARCUTER...

THERE IS.

IT SOUNDS LIKE HIM, IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WAY HE WORKS, AN' IT SOUNDS LIKE THE SORTA THING HE'D WANT. BUT YEAH, THERE IS.

WHAT ABOUT THE SHIT GOT SENT TO FLORIDA?

ARRIVED TEN DAYS AGO. TAMPA PORT AUTHORITY SAID IT WAS TRUCKED OUT IN FOUR SEPARATE VEHICLES.

I DOUBT ANY O' THESE BOYS KEN WHAT THEY'VE BEEN CARRYIN'.

LET US SAY THAT IT IS HIM.

WHAT DO WE BELIEVE THAT HE IS DOING?

WELL...WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO.

"MALLORY THOUGHT THAT BUTCHER MADE HIMSELF A WAR. ***A SELF-SUSTAININ', NEVERENDIN' CONFLICT,*** WAS WHAT HE SAID TO ME--WHERE HE CAN JUST GO ON BEATIN' THE FUCK OUTTA SUPES FOREVER, LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

"BUT WHAT IF MALLORY HAD THE WRONG END O' THE STICK?"

YOU SAW LE COLONEL?

LONG STORY.

BUTCHER WANTED REVENGE ON THE HOMELANDER--BLACK NOIR AS IT TURNED OUT, BUT THAT WAS PERSONAL, THAT WAS SPECIFIC. HE WANTED TO LITERALLY GET HIS HANDS ON HIM, FOR WHAT THE FUCKER DID TO HIS WIFE.

BUT THAT'S OVER AN' DONE WITH NOW. SO WHAT DOES THAT LEAVE?

EVERY OTHER SUPE ON THE FUCKIN' PLANET.

NON...!

SAID SO HIMSELF.

"REMEMBER THE PAGEANT? THE DEAD SUPE KIDS?

"WITH GREAT POWER COMES THE TOTAL FUCKIN' CERTAINTY THAT YOU'RE GONNA TURN INTO A CUNT, AN' HE BELIEVED IT. HE WAS TALKIN' 'BOUT KILLIN' EVERY MUTHAFUCKIN' ONE OF 'EM."

BREAKIN' LEGS OR A TOTAL WIPE-OUT.

WHAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE HIM?

IF HE *COULD*, HE SAID. DO WE THINK HE CAN?

THIS *HEAD-EXPLODING V:* AS I RECALL IT WAS UNSTABLE STUFF. THE SUBJECT MUST INGEST IT, IN FOOD OR BY INJECTION, AND EVEN THEN IT MUST BE DETONATED BY A SIGNAL...

AYE, WELL I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT THAT.

WHAT IF THIS STUFF'S JUST HIS STARTIN' POINT? WHAT IF HE WANTED TO TURN IT INTO SOMETHIN' ELSE, LIKE A DIRTY BOMB OR SOME SORTA GAS?

HE'S HAD A C.I.A. BLACK BUDGET TO PLAY WI' FOR YEARS, WI' THE CASH HE'S GOT HE COULD FLY THE STUFF ANYWHERE. AN' IF IT'S NO' QUITE WHAT HE NEEDS NOW...

HE COULD ADAPT IT?

BUTCHER AIN'T NO FUCKIN' BIOCHEMIST, HUGHIE.

NO, BUT I THINK HE'S GOT ONE WORKIN' FOR HIM. THAT'S WHY I CALLED MONKEY, HE SAID WHATEVER SPECIALIST KNOW-HOW THE AIR FORCE GOT HOLD OF CAME FROM HIM...

VOGELBAUM?

THE MAN COMMITTED SUICIDE...!

TURNED OUT THAT WAS BULLSHIT. MALLORY KEPT HIM ALIVE TO BREW OUR VERSION OF V, THEN HAD BUTCHER CANCEL HIS TICKET.

BUT WHAT IF THAT'S BULLSHIT TOO?

I FUCKIN' DOUBT IT. MALLORY TOLD ME BUTCHER TORE HIS THROAT OUT WITH HIS TEETH.

HE SAW IT HAPPEN?

NO, BUT...

WHAT'D HE SEE?

AN' WHO THE FUCK WE TALKIN' ABOUT HERE?

WELL HE WAS JUST OUTSIDE, HE...

IF THIS IS TRUE.

IF HE IS...WEAPONIZING V, WITH OR WITHOUT PROFESSOR VOGELBAUM.

WHAT WILL WE DO?

WELL--

TALK TO HIM, LIKE...

FIRST THING TO--

UN MOMENT.

OH.

UM... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, HEN?

D'YOU NO' WANT TO...LIKE IF WE HAVE TO GO UP AGAINST...

AW HEN, I KEN IT'S ROUGH, LIKE. BUT WE REALLY NEED YOU.

I MEAN IF IT'S WHAT WE THINK IT IS, IF HE SETS SOMETHIN' OFF OR WHATEVER, AN AWFUL LOT O' FOLK MIGHT END UP DEAD.

JUST THINK ABOUT EVERYONE'S BEEN AFFECTED BY V OVER THE YEARS, OR HAS IT IN THEIR VEINS AN' DOESN'T EVEN KNOW. YOU'VE GOTTA BE TALKIN' ***MILLIONS,*** MEN, WOMEN KIDS...

PETIT HUGHIE?

SHE HAS MADE SUCH PROGRESS LATELY. CAUSED NO PAIN, HURT NO ONE SINCE THE FIGHT WITH TEAM TITANIC. POSSIBLY, JUST POSSIBLY, SOME OF WHAT I'VE SAID HAS GOTTEN THROUGH.

PERHAPS... IN LIGHT OF WHOM WE FACE...WE ASK TOO MUCH?

SHIT.

IF ANYONE DESERVES A CHANCE TO WALK AWAY.

NO BOTHER.

WE'RE GONNA GO AN' HAVE A BURGER OR SOMETHIN', TALK ABOUT THIS BY OURSELVES.

YOU STAY HERE AN' WATCH A BIT O' TELLY, AYE?

I HATE MEAN PEOPLE.

THE FOUR OF US, THEN.

FILES ARE WIPED. DESK'S EMPTY.

NO SURPRISES THERE.

MALLORY DID THE SAME BEFORE HE LEFT, BUT I'M THINKIN' THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' IN THE LANGLEY DATABASE.

LIKE IF THE AGENCY BOUGHT THE PROPERTY IN THE FIRST PLACE, OR THEY STILL PAYIN' RENT ON IT. THAT'S IF HE JUST TOOK OVER A REGULAR SAFEHOUSE.

HE SEEMED A LOT MORE CAREFUL THAN THAT, EVEN IN THE SHORT TIME I TALKED TO HIM...

HE WAS.

FILES

FILES

BUT IT'S ALL WE GOT TO GO ON RIGHT NOW. CALL YOU IF I GET LUCKY.

AYE, ALL RIGHT. I'M AT THE D.M.V. NOW, I'M GONNA BE HERE A WEE WHILE YET.

SEE YOU.

OH, BLOODY HELL.

WHY AIN'T YOU IN L.A., SORTIN' OUT YER KID?

YEAH.

WE GONNA HAVE TO HAVE A TALK ABOUT THAT.

I THOUGHT I'D PUT THE FEAR O' GOD IN HER. SHE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO TELL YOU ANYTHIN' ABOUT IT.

WE GONNA HAVE TO HAVE A TALK ABOUT THAT, TOO.

THOUGHT YOU MIGHTA BEEN GONE FOR GOOD...

WELL, THE COAST WAS MEANT TO BE CLEAR, WASN'T IT? I WIPED ALL MY STUFF; IT OCCURRED IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO NIP BACK AN' WIPE YOURS AN' ALL.

JUST IN CASE, LIKE.

AS LONG AS WE'RE FILLIN' IN THE BLANKS...WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT, SENDIN' HUGHIE TO SEE MALLORY?

OTHER WAY ROUND.

FIGURED THERE WAS SHIT HE NEEDED TO KNOW. PROB'LY BEST COMIN' STRAIGHT FROM SOURCE.

AN' I GUESS I MIGHTA BEEN THINKIN'... EVERYTHIN' YOU'D BEEN DOIN' ROUND THEN, LIKE WIT' HUGHIE AN' MALCHEMICAL, THERE MIGHTA COME A TIME WE WAS GONNA HAVE TO GET SHIT STRAIGHT.

MALLORY GOT INVOLVED AGAIN, HE MAYBE COULDA HELPED YOU SEE SENSE.

NAH, NAH, THAT WOULDNA DONE IT...!

THAT ROUNDABOUT ROUTE BOLLOCKS, ALL THEM MAYBES AN' MIGHT'VES. THAT'S NO GOOD.

YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN TO MAKE YER MIND UP.

SO...YOU REALLY DOIN' THIS, HUH?

I REALLY AM.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA DIE IN THE WHITE HOUSE. TAKE A COUPLA CHUNKS OUTTA THE HOMELANDER, SO THE LADS OUTSIDE COULD FINISH HIM OFF.

BUT...NO. SO I SUPPOSE I'M GONNA HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, AIN'T I?

HUH.

WHERE YOU THINK THAT LEAVES US?

WELL, IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN STILL WALK AWAY.

--DAY OF THE CONGRESSIONAL INQUIRY INTO--

AH, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME IN THE STUDIO, SHAWNA, TODAY WE'RE EXPECTED TO HEAR TESTIMONY FROM--

--NOT BUYING YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS, YOU GREEDY SONS OF BITCHES!

--TURNED OUT TO BE ***JESSICA BRADLEY,*** A SENIOR FIGURE IN VOUGHT'S ***SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT SECTION***--

--WITH THE DEATH TOLL AT OVER TWO HUNDRED AND--

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE NOT ROTTING IN JAIL, YOU AND THE REST OF THOSE--

FUCK YOU!

VOUGHT KILLED MY MOTHER

VOUGHT AMERICAN DOUCHES GO HOME

MPDC

POLICE

KEEP THEM ***BACK,*** GODAMMIT--

AAAH, JESUS--

--FEELINGS OBVIOUSLY RUNNING HIGH, MS. BRADLEY, WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE COMMITTEE'S--

MY WIFE DIED AT THE PENTAGON, YOU FUCKING CUNT WHORE!!

JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY.

MS. BRADLEY?

MS. BRADLEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH--I'M FINE...REALLY, I'M FINE...

DID YOU HAVE TO COME IN PAST THAT MOB OUTSIDE? DID NO ONE INFORM YOU THAT THERE ARE SEVERAL MORE DISCRETE ENTRANCES FOR OCCASIONS LIKE THIS?

I--

THAT IS SHAMEFUL.

ABSOLUTELY SHAMEFUL, THESE THUGS ARE CLEARLY OUT FOR BLOOD.

DO YOU NEED SOME TIME TO COLLECT YOURSELF? UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I CAN EASILY HAVE OUR LEGAL TEAM ASK FOR--

NO.

NO, I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT.

WELL, THAT IS ADMIRABLE.

THAT BEING THE CASE, SHALL WE GO IN?

WHUHHH!!

AWHH--!

JESUS...

YOU KNOW...I DID HAVE ONE IDEA...

I WAS GONNA NIP UP AN' TAKE CARE O' YER MUM JUST BEFORE I GOT THE BALL ROLLIN'. MAKE SURE YOU RAN OUTTA MAGIC POTION.

TOO LATE NOW.

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T, 'CAUSE YOU LOOKIN' FOR A *FAIR FIGHT...?*

'CAUSE IT'S YER *MUM,* YOU DOZY TWAT.

FUCK YOU--!

AH, SHIT.

MUTHAFUCKA!!

WHY THE FUCK YOU GOTTA DO THIS? WHY YOU GOTTA BE THE WAY YOU ARE?!

FILES

YOU THINK I FUCKIN' WANT THIS SHIT, GODAMMIT?!

I KNOW.

I KNOW.

YOU'RE THE BEST MATE A CUNT LIKE ME COULD HOPE FOR.

I DON'T DESERVE TO FUCKIN' KNOW YOU.

MMUUUUUHHH

MMUUUUUHHH

MMMMHHHHHH

MMHH--

BUT I AIN'T GOT NO MATES.

next: WHOSE WOODS THESE ARE I THINK I KNOW